

Hunger

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Hunger

by [Avengers_Whore](#)

Summary

The younger stumbled over a root, tightening his hold on the other man so he didn't fall. Tony cursed softly and held him up, muttering a soft apology to the boy.

"I missed a root," the older man murmured.

"It's okay," Peter replied, voice just as soft. It wasn't Tony's fault that the younger of the two couldn't see a thing, blind as he was. What he lacked in sight, however, he made up for with his other senses.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

"You stay right by my side," Tony ordered, cupping the side of Peter's neck before turning back around and continuing on through the woods. The younger victor followed after him quickly, one of his fingers hooked in one of the elder's belt loops. They went slow, making sure not to make a sound.

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Peter had won the Games 2 years previous on pure luck alone. Being blind and lacking in fighting skills, he was predicted to be the first to die in the Games. Instead the boy, only 16 at the time, had hidden himself until all of the other tributes either killed each other or themselves.

Tony won the Games 8 years ago, at 14 which made him the youngest winning victor in the history of the Games. The brunet had been ruthless, killing most of the other tributes by himself. He'd worked together a repulsor gauntlet with various materials from the cornucopia and items gifted to him by sponsors outside of the arena. He'd mentored the tributes since, including Peter.

And now there they were in the Quarter Quell, both the chosen tributes from the District 3 victors. There were no female victors to choose from.

Peter's head snapped to the right when he heard a twig snap and he tugged on Tony's belt loop urgently. The elder brunet drew his sword and tugged Peter closer, taking a step to stand in front of the younger. Another twig snapped and the teen could hear heavy steps coming through the woods towards them. He gripped Tony's shirt tightly.

"Buck," Tony said, the tenseness in his shoulders relaxing. "Scar in' the hell outta the kid."

"I do that," the other man grunted, his voice deep and gruff to Peter's ears.

"Where's Nat?"

"Either findin' Steve or huntin' the other victors," Bucky told him, stepping closer. Peter's grip tightened further on Tony's shirt as the stranger got closer. He didn't trust anyone besides Tony.

James 'Bucky' Barnes came from District 2. He won the Games 7 years ago at 17 years old by being almost as brutal as Tony. The man was tall and broad and slaughtered half of the other tributes, including the 15 year old girl from his own district, Wanda Maximoff.

Nat was Natasha Romanov, another victor from District 2. She'd won the Games 5 years ago when she was 16. It was pretty much impossible to kill all of the other tributes but she'd outwitted and killed a good portion of them. She'd started by seducing the male Careers to be her allies, let them do plenty of killing for her, and then she slaughtered them, earning herself the title of 'Black Widow.'

And Steve Rogers, District 8, had won the Games 10 years ago at 16. In the end, he only killed one other tribute and that had made him the victor. He was, by far, the least deadly other than Peter.

"Let's go see if we can find them then," Tony said, gently tugging on Peter's arm to get his attention. "Get on my back, Petey, it'll be faster if I carry you."

"O-Okay," the teen murmured with a nod. He kept his hands on the elder's back as Tony bent down. He felt a strong hand on his thigh and he maneuvered himself onto the taller man's back with his help.

"You good?"

"Yeah. Sorry I'm so useless," Peter mumbled into Tony's neck, resting his head on his shoulder.

"You're not useless, Petey, don't ever say that," Tony told him quietly. He adjusted the younger on

his back and he started to walk, following Bucky's suddenly-quiet steps.

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Peter gasped softly as he woke up, lifting his head off of Tony's shoulder. The hairs on the back of his neck and arms were standing on edge, telling him something was wrong. He tensed and turned his head, trying to listen.

"Tony, something's wrong," the teen murmured. The older brunet tensed and nodded tersely. He drew his sword from his hip and Bucky pulled knives from under his jacket. Tony tapped his thigh and he slid down off of his back, moving his hand to hook a finger on his belt loop again.

He heard the release of an arrow and he pulled back sharply, pulling Tony back a few feet and therefore moving him from the arrow's path. Tony let out a sharp whistle and listened to the mockingjays repeat the shrill call before turning his attention to whichever victors were brave enough to attack them.

The elder hurriedly pushed Peter towards a tree and started lifting him up, letting the younger find branches and crawl up the tree. Once the teen was a safe distance up, Tony started helping Bucky fend them off. There was only two of them, Brock Rumlow from 1 and Quentin Beck from 4.

"We'll deal with you two and then we'll yank the twink down and slit his throat," Rumlow snarled, tossing his bow and pulling a machete from his belt. Tony's eyes narrowed dangerously and he lunged for the man, clashing his sword with the machete.

Peter clung to the trunk of the tree he was sitting in and listened to the clash of metal on metal down below. He hated everything about it, had thought he'd been done when he'd survived his own Games. And now they'd pulled him back in and there was no way he would survive this time. He was in an arena filled with the most dangerous victors in the nation. Capital favorites.

He was terrified.

A scream down below caught his attention and he turned back to listen to them. The sound of a cannon boomed in the air and his heart stuttered in his chest. There was more clashing of weapons and then another scream, followed by another cannon. He dug his fingers into the bark and hunched in on himself.

"Peter, you can come down," Tony called from the base of the tree. "It's just me and Bucky down here now."

Peter breathed out a soft sigh of relief and slowly made his way down the tree, almost losing his footing when he felt a guiding hand on his ankle. He eventually touched the ground and fell into Tony's arms.

"I've got you, kiddo, nothing to worry about," the older victor murmured, rubbing his back soothingly. It amazed Peter that the most ruthless of the victors could be so soft and kind to him.

"Let's get moving. Hopefully Nat and Steve heard your call," Bucky said quietly.

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Tony hummed quietly as he rubbed Peter's back, his chin resting on top of the younger victor's head. The boy was laying down on top of him, his head resting on Tony's shoulder and one of his hands clutching the older's shirt. It was dark out and they had a fire going, feeling secure with Bucky, Steve, and Natasha around the fire.

“That’s a pretty song,” Peter murmured against his shirt.

“My mother sang it to me a long time ago, before I ever had to think about the Games,” the older brunet told him quietly, almost whispering. He tightened his hold on the teenager when a twig snapped, setting him on edge. Peter lifted his head and listened for a moment before resting it on Tony’s shoulder again, relaxing.

“Just an animal,” the younger murmured. “I can hear the footfalls.”

“You’re amazing,” Steve muttered softly, looking over at the pair of brunets. “I can’t believe you can hear all that.”

“I can hear your heart beating right now. The others too.”

“He’s smart as hell too,” Tony said proudly, kissing the top of his head affectionately. He’d known since the day of Peter’s Reaping that this boy was intelligent, that he’d survive. The brunet had come out of that arena, shaky and in shock, and Tony had wrapped his arms around him as tight as he could and kept him from falling apart.

Peter flushed a light pink color and buried his face in the older brunet’s shoulder, much to his amusement.

“Alright, enough chit-chat,” Natasha said quietly, green eyes scanning the forest around them. “Get some rest, Steve will take first watch.”

Bucky snorted softly and laid down, his arms crossed behind his head as a makeshift pillow. Natasha laid down next to him, curled up and clutching a knife tightly in her hand. Tony shifted slightly, his head resting against a bag he’d stolen from another victor. He pulled Peter as close as physically possible as the blind teen got comfortable on his chest.

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The hairs standing up on the back of Peter’s neck is what woke him up. He kept still, giving whoever was watching the impression that he was still asleep. He pressed his fingers into Tony’s side and immediately felt when the elder woke up.

“Someone’s here,” he whispered, the words barely a breath into Tony’s neck. The elder hummed quietly and gave a barely-there nod of his head. He shifted, acting like he was just waking up and unaware of anyone else being there. A quick listen gave away that Steve, Nat, and Bucky were already gone and the fire was long ago doused.

“I need you to trust me,” Tony breathed. He felt the younger feign a shift of his head, a nod. The older victor suddenly rolled them over, wielding a knife in his hand that had, to Peter, come out of nowhere. Peter squealed loudly and started to struggle underneath him. His eyes frantically started indicating over Tony’s left shoulder and the bigger brunet got the message.

He brought the knife up and Peter’s brown eyes widened at the movement before suddenly, faster than anyone could react, Tony turned and threw the knife at the intruder. The teen’s breath hitched softly when he felt the older man’s hips twist on top of his own. A woman, Tony recognized her from District 7, fell to her knees once the knife embedded itself in her chest. A cannon boomed after a few seconds and both brunets relaxed.

“Did you think I was gonna kill you?” Tony asked as he turned back to the smaller teen. Peter could tell from the tone of voice that the other man was smirking.

“You’re very convincing,” he murmured, taking a deep breath. He felt the older lean down and felt lips press against his cheek. He turned his head to the side and boldly captured the older victor’s lips. Tony immediately took control and pressed his weight into the shorter teen’s, effectively pinning him to the ground. They broke apart after a moment, panting softly.

“You surprise me every fuckin’ day,” the bigger brunet groaned, leaning his head on Peter’s shoulder. Peter laughed breathlessly before shoving him off and getting up, a wide grin on his face.

“If I’m gonna die, I wanted to know what you’d taste like,” the smaller said, brushing himself off. His cheeks were stained pink and Tony couldn’t help but feel like he’d just gotten punched in the gut. “Let’s get moving.”

“Yeah,” the older murmured, getting off of the ground and grabbing his bag and sword. “Peter, you’re not gonna die. I won’t let that happen.”

“Don’t make promises you can’t keep.”

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Everything had gone to shit in the arena. The whole thing was falling apart thanks to the explosion Tony had rigged together. Peter was huddled up in a tree, clinging so hard to the bark that his fingers were starting to bleed. There was a sluggishly-bleeding gash in his leg that stung everytime he moved it. He was pretty sure his wrist was broken.

And Tony still hadn’t come back for him.

Another explosion sounded and the blast knocked Peter from the tree and sent him slamming right into the ground below, effectively knocking him out.

He woke with a gasp, immediately trying to discern where he was. The air smelled clean and sterile and there were no sounds of the forest around him. In fact, he realized quickly, he was in a bed. The sheets were wrapped tightly around his body, almost swaddling him.

The brunet pushed the sheets off of him and sat up, crying out at the immediately pain he felt in his ribs. Tears sprung to his eyes and fell down his cheeks, the pain driving him into a near-panic.

“Peter! Peter, you’re okay, everything’s okay,” Tony called as he ran into the room, immediately by Peter’s side. He gently pushed the younger to lay back down on the bed, pressing kisses to his cheeks and forehead. The teen slowly calmed down and took a deep breath, which made his ribs ache.

“Wh-Where am I?”

“You’re safe. We’re safe,” Tony told him quietly, sitting on the edge of the bed and taking Peter’s hand in his. “We’re out honey.”

“What happened?” Peter asked now.

“I blew everything up. The whole arena. Nearly killed myself in the process but they got us out,” the older explained. “Nearly killed you too, I guess. Sorry.”

“Shut up,” the teen said, a small smile appearing on his face. He squeezed Tony’s hand.

“We’re in 13 right now. They explained it to me,” Tony murmured, suddenly tense. “The Rebellion, this is where they live. Riots have broken out in all the districts, they want to take this

chance while the people will follow them outright.”

“You don’t agree?”

“I don’t know. I’m not...someone’s tool, Pete.”

“They want you to do something,” Peter said, as if it had just occurred to him. The older nodded his head, even though the other brunet couldn’t see it. He knew the answer.

“Build weapons. My repulsor technology.”

“So do it. Let’s end this before more kids die, Tony,” the teen told him, sitting up again even though his body protested it. He reached up and cupped the other’s face.

“How do we know we’re not fighting for something that could be worse?”

“What could be worse than sending kids to kill each other for entertainment?”

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Tony slammed the mallet down on the metal, hitting once, twice, thrice. He hit it a fourth time before taking the goggles off to look over the metal. He and Peter had been working hard to make weapons for the Rebellion. He was currently finishing up a shield for Steve, who was apparently running in guns blazing in this war.

He didn’t necessarily agree but he trusted Peter’s instincts. And he’d go wherever Peter went so here he was.

“You need to eat, and sleep,” Peter murmured as he came up behind him, pressing his hands into the older man’s broad back. He could feel the sweat and muscles underneath the shirt. “Come to bed.”

“Yeah. Okay,” Tony muttered, sighing softly as he set the mallet down. He let the younger lead him out of his workroom and up to their shared room. The blind teen had already memorized the layout of the bunker and most of the others knew to step out of his way when they saw him walking through the halls.

The teen stripped Tony of his filthy tank top and work pants before grabbing a rag and soaking it in water so he could wipe the other down. He dragged the cloth over broad shoulders and wide chest, wiping away sweat and soot and the overall dirt that came with building weapons.

“You’re too good to me,” Tony told him, a small smile on his face as he looked at Peter. The younger smiled softly and gave a small laugh.

“Nothing you don’t deserve. I’d hate to spoil you.”

“I feel spoiled anyway,” the bigger man said, pulling the teen into his lap. He wrapped his arms around him and looked over his face. Peter’s unseeing brown eyes looked down at him, practically seeing right into his soul.

“I love you. I hate that it took the Games to make me realize it, but I love you,” Peter told him quietly, honestly.

“I don’t hate it. I’d do it all again if it meant we could have this,” Tony told him, rubbing a hand up and down his back. “I love you, Pete. Love you so much.”

End Notes

I was literally watching the Hunger Games like a month ago and I got this idea and I have finally finished it while watching the Hunger Games again. I don't know why I made Peter blind, I just thought it'd be different? I guess? Who knows!

Comments and kudos are appreciated!

For those of you who follow my Adopted!Tony series, I am trying my best to finish up the latest part but the last two weeks have been hella busy. Thank you for being patient!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!